HIS CRIME SELF-AVENGED.

LITTLE BERTHA GRAPF'S ASSAIL
ART SHOOTS HIMSELP.

He Attacked Her In the Cellar-Twice She Beat Rim Of, Finally Escaping Her Bercams Had Aroused the House, but Ho Was Dend When Her Brother Came. Little Bertha Graff, the 14-year-old daughter of Max and Rebecca Graff, who live on the first floor of the tenement on the southeast corner of Essex and Stanton streets, was attacked by a man with a revolver in the cellar of the tenement yesterday afternoon. On her escaping from him, after alarming the house with her screams, he turned his revolver on himself, firing three shots, which proved fatal The house is an old-fashioned tenement, with narrow wooden stairways running up through it on the Essex street side. The entrance is at 156 Essex street, about thirty feet from the corner of Stanton street. The hall is short, and under the stairway leading to the floor above is a door opening on a staircase which

leads to the cellar. There are four closets in the cellar under the sidewark, and an iron grating lights the place up. A wall with two arched openings separates the closets from the Little Bertha is a slim, pale-faced girl, rather undersized for her years, with large black eyes and coal-black hair. Her parents are Russian Hebrews, and she has two grown brothers, Philip and Saul. She went down into the cellar at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. She did not see anybody there, and remained some time. When she started to go up stairs she heard a

Bertha is a nervous little girl, and as the step alveed with fear that she stood stock still and peered through the dim light at the opening. She had to pass that in a diagonal direction to reach the stairs. When she recovered her breath, she made a dash for the staircase, but efore she was half way there a man jumped out, and in a gruff, hearse voice ordered her to

stealthy footstep behind one of the arched open-

He held a shining ravelyes in his wight hand and when he brought that into view little Bertha opened her mouth to scream. The man grasped her by the throat with his disengaged hand and choked her so hard that she could hardly breathe. She became desperate then, and, with an innate sense that she was in great danger, she began to struggle with all the energy she was capable of. She scratched at the man's eyes with one hand, and with the other she succeeded in tearing his collar and necktle off. Then she scratched his face so hard that he let go of her throat to beat down her hands.

She now broke away from him and dashed toward the staircase. He was after her in a moment, and grabbed her dress as she ran up the stairs. She sereamed at the ton of her voice and in another moment the entire lower part of the tenement, roused by her screams, became alive with tenants. They ran toward the cellar staircase and saw the man struggling with the little girl on the stairs. He had eaught her again by the throat, and was trying to stifle her shricks. She had caught hold of his under lip and was tearing at it with her nails. There were several men among the tenants who answered little Bertha's screams, but the sight of the revolver prevented them from going to her assistance. The women tenants ran out in the street screaming with fright.

"Run quick and tell Phil Graff a man is choking his sister in the cellar," shouted one of the women to the keeper of a soda water stand the women to the keeper of a soda water stand on the corner. Philip, who was standing on the opposite corner, dashed over in answer to the excited alarm of the soda water man. When he heard the woman shrieging his sister's name he rushed through the crowd into the hall, and got to the head of the cellar stairs just in time to catch his fainting, hysterical sister, who had finally broken away from her assaliant. He had slipped on the stairs in trying to avoid her nails, and toppled down to the bottom, almost dragging the little girl with him.

the celiar stairs just in time to catch his fainting, hysterical sister, who had finally broken away from her assailant. He had slipped on the stairs in trying to avoid her nails, and toppled down to the bottom, almost dragging the little girl with him.

Philip carried his sister out through the hall into the street and turned her over to the women. Then he hurried back into the house with another man to find out what had happened to her. As they reached the head of the cellar steps they head three shots fired in quick succession, and then followed the noise of the falling body.

"Look out, Phil, he's got a revolver!" cried Philip's companion as Berthe's brother started down the cellar stairs.

"I wouldn't care if he had a dozen," said Philip as he ran down.

He found the suicide lying on his face, and, calling to his companion, grabbed the fallen man by the coat collar, Philip's friend came down, and they turned the man over on his back. His face was covered with blood, and one glance was sufficient to show that he was dead. The young men ran upstairs, and, calling up the Eldridge street police station by telephone, told the Sergeant what had occurred. An ambulance and patrol wagon were quickly at the scene. Meanwhile the news of the attack on little Bertha flew like wildfre around the neighborhood, and a large crowd of men, women, and children choked up the surrounding streets, crying for vengeance on her assailant, not knowing of his death.

The police had a trying time dispersing the crowd. Little Bertha, who had collapsed, was carried to her parents flat, and the ambulance sargeon gave her some medicine to quiet her nerves. The police removed the man's body to the Morgue. His familiarity with the situation of the cellar led the police to believe that he lived in the neighborhood. They allowed persons from all the streets around to view the cropse before removing it, but nobedy seemed to know the suicide. He had fired all three shots into his mouth, the bullets passing out through the back of his head.

He

WANTED TO SAVE THE CITY MONEY. Tried Suicide and Asked That No Inquiries

Be Made as to His Identity. A poorly dressed man whose identity has not een ascertained was found unconscious yesterday in an empty freight car in the Lehigh Valley Railroad freight yard at Pacific avenue and Grand street, Jersey City. A small bottle which had contained laudanum was found at his side, He was removed to the City Hospital and efforts were made to revive him, but at a late hour last night he was still unconscious and will probably die. He is about 35 years old. This letter.

die. He is about 35 years old. This letter, written in German but not addressed, was found in his pocket:

"My life has been nothing but disappointment, and I came to the conclusion to cut it short. There is no reason to continue this poor existence any longer. My whole life has been a failure, therefore I will bring it to an end. I ask the authorities not to make any inquiry about me, as it will be useless and only an expense to the city. As a good citizen. I am anxious to save the city expense. H. E." in a postecript he wrote in English:
"Dear E.—Good-by forever. I am tired of life. Don't come to see ms.

POLICE HOSTLER TRIES SUICIDE.

Caught Trying to Asphyxiate Himself with Gas in the Kingsbridge Station Stable. William Stein, aged 56 years, a hostler in the Kingsbridge police station stable, was found arly yesterday stretched out on a bench, trying to asphyxiate himself with gas from a rubber to applyitate himself with gas from a rubber tube attached to a jet above the bench. He had not inhaled enough of the gas to do any material harm when he was discovered.

He was arraigned in Morrisania court on a charge of attempted suicide.

"I did not know what I was doing," he said. He was held for examination. He has been acting oddly of late, and his mind is believed to be affected.

KITE-FLYER EDDY'S NIGHT SHOW. red Lanterns Displayed in Midair at Sayonne's McKinley Jubilee,

One of the most interesting features of the ubiles and parade held by the sound-money citizens of Bayonne on Saturday evening in celebration of the success of McKinley and Hobert was the unique midair illumination conducted by William A. Eddy, the Bayonne kite fiyer. Thousands viewed and marvelled at Mr. Eddy's display of vari-colored lanterns swung aloft across the heavens. The eleven anterns, which he managed to raise to an altitude of at least a thousand feet by means of several of his gigantic tailless aeroplanes, twinkled like stars of the first magnitude. Being strung long the main kite cable at regular intervals they appeared like some new stellar constellation suddenly set in the southeastern sky.

To perfect the arrangements for the novel illumination Mr. Eddy first sent aloft at dusk one kits seven feet in diameter and another six feet in diameter. These aeroplanes were covered with red cloth, and were two of the kites Mr. Eddy used on Oct. 31 to lift his camera from the roof of the Mutual Reserve Fund Company's oullding in New York for the purpose of taking midair photographs of the sound-money parade as it passed up Broadway. The pair were followed by a third kite six feet in diameter covered with manila paper. When they acquired a height of about 600 feet the kite flyer and his assistants went to dinner. In order to be certain

a height of about 600 feet the kite flyer and his assistants went to dinner. In order to be certain that the unattended asroplanes were sailing aloft in the darkness, the pull on the main cable having risen to sixty pounds because of the prevalent high winds at the altitude the kites had reached. Mr. Eddy sent up to a height of thirty feet a cellar lantern weighing two pounds and of six candle power.

When he resumed operations he attached a similar lantern six feet below the first and had the kites lift them to a height of 800 feet, where they remained for aimost an hour as a test to ascertain whether or not the three aeroplanes could withstand the increasing velocity of the wind, which blew briskly from the south. The two lanterns were hauled down, and in their place a string of four colored lanterns much lighter in average weight, were sent aloft to a height of about twelve hundred feet. They were not long aloft before the seven-foot kite became disabled. The mishap compelled Mr. Eddy and his assistants to pull down the entire outfit of kites and lanterns and to cut away the leading aeroplane.

By the time damages were repaired the local parade was approaching Bergen Point. As quickly as possible Mr. Eddy again raised his kites and attached to the main cable a string of eleven lanterns of varied tints. Just as the procession passed the lanterns scarried globes of red, white, and green glass. Mr. Eddy has discovered that lanterns with globes of blue glass incee that tint when swung aloft at night, the light they give being pale white. The green lanterns look blue to many persons.

Mr. Eddy began his experiments at Bayonne in 1890, and early in 1892 began using his tailless kites, which he invented the previous year. On May 39, 1895, he took the first photograph taken in America by means of a camera swung in midair and suspended by kites. He also first sent aloft a self-recording thermometer to ascertain mid-air temperature.

PARENTS AND TEACHERS TO MEET.

Br. Gunnison's Plan for Improving the Brooklyn Public Schools,

An experiment intended to advance the educational welfare of the children in the public schools of Brooklyn will be tried the latter part of this month. Dr. Walter B. Gunnison, President of the Brooklyn Teachers' Association, conceived the idea some time ago and has been working on it ever since. He has received the hearty cooperation of the principals of the various public schools in the city. Mr. Gunnison's idea is to hold a series of meetings in the public schools to be participated in by the principals and teachers on one hand and the parents of school children on the other. The chief object of these gatherings, according to a principal of one of the schools, is to bring parents and teachers into closer relations. Mr. Gunnison, with this end in view, has decided on the afternoon of Tuesday, Nov. 17, as the date of the noon of Tuesday, Nov. 17, as the date of the first meeting.

Meetings will be held in all the public schools throughout the city on that afternoon. The general subject for discussion will be, "What the home can do fer the school." The topics which will be dwelt upon will be health, diet, clothing, and home study. Moral and religious training and truancy will be talked over at learth.

training and trushery will be taked over at length.

Owing to the overcrowded condition of some of the Greenpoint schools special attention will be given at first to that locality, and School Commissioner Elizabeth F. Perry, Dr. George D. Hamilin, Dr. Walter B. Gunnison, the Rev. Alice K. Wright, and W. D. Robertson will address the meeting there on Nov 17. Mr. Gunnison has met with much encouragement in his undertaking, and expects that the first meeting will be well attended all over the city. The parents of the pupils, especially, appear to be much interested in the scheme and have accepted very generally the invitations to attend the meetings.

ST. MICHAEL'S HALL DEDICATED. thon Wigger and Chancellor W.

Participated in the Coremony Rishop Wigger dedicated the new St. Michael's Hall, at High street and Clinton avenue, West Hoboken, yesterday afternoon. The hall was erected by St. Michael's Monastery parish at a cost of \$50,000. It is built of brick and will be used as an addition to St. Michael's Parochial School, which has long been in need of a larger building. It will also be occupied by St. Mi-chael's Catholie Young Men's Literary Associa-

The dedication services were largely attended. The dedication services were largely attended. More than fifty priests were present. The Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann of St. Agnes's Church, this city, preached the sermon. He spoke on "Christian Education," and alluded to the patriotism displayed by the children in the Catbolic schools. Bishop Wigner made a brief address, in which he congratulated the parishioners for having succeeded in erecting such a handsome edifice. Chancellor Thomas A. Waliace of Seton Hall also spoke. The hall was decorated with American flags.

WHY TOWNSEND GOT DRUNK. His Poetical Recitation Does Not Provent His Being Pind 310.

In the Centre Street Police Court yesterday norning, James Townsend, who declined to give is address, was arraigned for being drunk upon the Bowery late Saturday night. What have you to say to the charge?" asked

Magistrate Simms.

Townsend, who looked as though he might have seen better days, bowed to the Court in a dignified manner, and said: I stood at eve when the sun went down. By the grave where a woman lies Who inred men's souls to the shores of sin. By the light of her languorous eyes.

"That, your Honor, is the reason why I was intoxicated last night."
"And that is the reason also why I will fine you \$10," answered the Magistrate. Townsend had no money and was locked up in the Tombs.

Begged Them Not to Lynch Mer Assallant LEBANON, Ky., Nov. 8 .- Will Bean, the negro who assaulted the wife of L. C. Clark in this county on last Thursday, was captured and county on last Inureday, was captured and placed in jail here this morning. While the Sheriff was bringing him to town a mob took him before Mrs. Clark, who identified him. She is expected to die from fright, but she pleaded with the mob to allow the law to take its course, and Bean was finally turned over to the Sheriff. Negroes as well as whites threaten to lynch him if Mrs. Clark dies. him if Mrs. Clark dies.

Killed Themselves for Slight Cause. John Mehrpan, who lived over his restauran at 559 Hudson street, shot himself through the heart yesterday, while his daughter and housekeeper were visiting friends in Jersey City. He keeper were visiting friends in Jersey City. He had been ill of crystopelas.
Giovanni Sempelli, an Italian baker of 169 Thompson atrect, came home drunk yesterday and asked a girl living in the tenement to go out walking with him. She refused. Giovanni was much affected by the rebuff. He went to his room and killed himself by sending a bullet through his head.

A Sixteen-Year-Old Girl Tries Sulcide. Sixteen-year-old Mabel Wickerson attempted suicide on Saturday night by taking carbolic suicide on saturday night by taking carbolic acid on the street in front of the house of Engine Company No. 28, near her home, at 215 Thirty-night street, Brooklyn. She is under arrest at the Norwegian Hospital. She ran awar from home several times, and had received a severe reprimand from her mother shortly before she took the poison. She will recover.

Milled Himself with Strychnine. PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., Nov. 8 .- J. Quincy Ed wards committed suicide this afternoon by taking strychnine. He was suffering from melanchoils, resulting from the death of an only daughter three weeks ago. He was about fifty years of age, and was well known among theat-rical people, having been at one time manager of local theatres.

SHRADER THE HEALER.

THE FAR WEST IS NOT GREATLY IM-PRESSED WITH HIM.

His Fees Are Regular but His Cures Are Difficult to Discorn-A Business Manager and Other Evidence of Philanthropy Dispensed on a Purely Financial Basis, Los Angeles, Nov. 8 .- August Shrader, who calls himself a "divine healer," and who has just made his appearance in Eastern cities, is well known in the West and Southwest. His claim in the East is that he made thousands of miraculous cures in the West. But while he was in the West his cures were always made in

some other town. In the latter part of July he was in Dallas. Tex., and there he asserted at first that he was Francis Schlatter. Then, finding that that statement might get him into trouble, he said that he was not Schlatter, but that he had performed many miraculous cures in Denver. In Los Angeles he said that he had never been in Denver. He came to this city the last week in September, accompanied by a business manager, who started him in business on a platform in a vacant lot near Westlake Park. He was here several days, and was beginning to attract good-sized crowds of the lame, the balt, and the blind when the newspapers investigated his methods and published the straight facts about

his alleged cures. Within a day or two his business manager packed him off to San Francisco. This business manager was a sharp, alert-looking man, with the stamp of much and varied worldly experience upon his face and with a repressed "flyness" of manner that suggested a real estate boomer or a circus advance agent. He stood on the platform with Shrader, sold his photographs, acted as usher, and took all the fees for

Shrader's services. Shrader is a man of medium height, coarse grained, and heavy features, with thick lips parting over projecting teeth. He has long brown hair, parted in the middle, and a full reddish beard. He has big, coarse hands, a mottled skin, and light green eyes. Complete sanity would not be affirmed of him after a study of those eyes. His general expression i that of an enthusiast who believes in himself. and his demeanor is gentle and kindly. His conversation is that of an ignorant, illiterate countryman, and although he is voluble he uses words without much comprehension of their

His business manager stood at one end of the platform and received the patients, taking the fees and selling the photographs, and then passing them on to Shrader, who stood at the other end dressed in a long black robe, upon the front Schrader," and wearing a silver crucifly. He asked no questions about ailments, but at once placed one hand over the patient's eyes, and the other at the back of the neck, and then stood other at the back of the neck, and then stood for a moment with eyes upturned and lips mov-ing silently. Then he shifted his hands, one to the small of the back and the other to the breast and then to the abdomen. Then he blessed the patient's handkerchief, whispering as he returned it: "Apply the handkerchief to the affected part and have faith. God bless

the affected part and have faith. God bless you."

One day Shrader made a speech from the platform in which he said: "My friends, some of you come here expecting me to perform miracles right off. Sometimes I can perform miracles, but not always. I have performed them under certain circumstances. But I can always do you good if you have faith in my works. If you don't have no faith I can't do you no good, and no other man can. I am not Christ, but I am doing his work.

"I hear some of you taiking about my being Schlatter, the Denver healer. I am not Schlatter. I am Shrader. I never was in Denver in my life. I was born in Wisconsin, and talk English so you can understand me. Schlatter was born in Germany and talks broken English. Schlatter walked about the country so ragged you would not like to look at him. I used to go about barefooted and nungry, but now I take enough compensation to pay my expenses, what-

about barefooted and hungry, but now I take enough compensation to pay my expenses, whatever you choose to give me. Schlatter does not know the value of money, and has no more responsibility than a two-year-old child."

Many of those who sought the ministrations of the healer were elderly women, without any outward visible signs of ilines or infirmity. Most of them were unable to explain when questioned of what they expected to be cured, although they declared in a vague way that they "felt better" after passing through the healer's hands. But there were many whose infirmities were evident—cripples leaning on crutches and the arms of friends, the bindiled carefully by others, the palsied, the deaf, the paralyzed, those wasted by sickness, the dyspetic, the consumptive—and every one went away just as he came, minus the fee that he had paid.

A paralyzed woman was wheeled to the plat-

departure while business was still good was evidently due to the uncomplimentary attention given him by the newspapers.

CREWE BROKE THE THIEF'S ARM So the Overcoat Puriotner Was Caught

Later in the City Hospital, Matthew O'Rourke, who is charged by William S. Crewe with having stolen an overcoat containing \$35 from his apartment on the sev onth floor of the building at 30 West Fifty-ninth street, was arraigned in Yorkville Police Court yesterday and remanded until to-day. O'Rourke was arrested on Saturday night by Detectiver Schindler and Quinlan of Capt. Steinkamp's station. Mr. Crewe reported to the police that when he arrived at his apartment at 1 o'clock on Saturday morning he found the doors open and O'Rourke in the parior. O'Rourke de-manded Mr. Crewe's money and the two men

manded Mr. Crewe's money and the two men fought.

Mr. Crewe picked up a heavy cane and struck O'Hourke's left arm, breaking it. Then he hit him on the head with the cane. O'Hourke grabbed the overcoat and ran down the seven flights of stairs, Mr. Crewe following him. Detective Schindler traced O'Hourke through several hespitals until he caught him in the City Hospital on Blackwell's Island. Mr. Crewe was in the country yesterday, but is expected in court to-day. O'Hourke admits stealing the overcoat, but says that he did not know there was any money in it. He told the detectives that he wanted to bring a charge against Mr. Crewe.

PREACHED AGAINST A THEATRE Father Ludeke Begins a Crusade Against Williamsburgh Smmorality,

The Rev. Francis Ludeke, assistant rector of St. Vincent de Paul's Church in North Sixth street, Williamsburgh, began yesterday s crusade on the alleged immorality in a low theatre near his church. He spoke of the obscine pictures and posiers placed upon the bill boards and in show windows, and declared that it was an outrage that such an exhibition of immorality was allowed to exist. He warned his congregation against attending any of the performances, and urged upon those who had children to keep a careful watch over them.

them.

The priest said that from his own observa

The priest said that from his own observa

The mostly boys and young men comprise The priest said that from his own observa-tion mostly boys and young men comprised the audiences of the theatre he referred to. The priest told a reporter last night that he was astonished that the police had not made any effort to out a stop to the distribution of ob-scene hthographs and to the immoral perform-ances in that theatre.

Moody and Sankey at Carnegie Hall. The first of a series of evangelical meetings took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Music Hall, where fourteen hundred persons assembled to hear the Rev. Dwight L. Moody and his co-worker, fra D. Sankey. It was and his co-worker, Ira D. Sankey. It was a good old-fashioned Moody and Sankey meeting, without the old-time onthraisam. In his opening remarks Mr. Moody said that it had been his intention to address the unconverted, but that he would defer the attack until next Sunday. In the mean time he wanted his hearers to become good Samaritans and gather in the skeptics whom he would endeavor to bring into the feld permanently on the next occasion. The meetings will continue each Sunday afternoon in November.

Did He Throw His Wife Down Stairs! William Abearn, a laborer 29 years old, and his wife. Bridget, quarrelled last night in their flat on the first floor at 459 West Eighteenth street. Ahearn was heard to leave the house street. Ahearn was heard to leave the house by some neighbors and shortly after his wife was found lying at the foot of the first flight of stairs with a fractured skull.

Policeman Baxter of the West Twentieth street station summoned an ambulance and the woman was taken to the New York Hospital in an unconscious condition. Ahearn was subse-quently arrested. He denied having thrown his wife down stairs.

ARRESTED FOR FIRING A GUN. TAILOR COLLINS'S SCHEME.

Block Says He and His Family Lest Their Way and the Gum Was Used to Signal, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Nov. 8.-Louis Block of New York, who has been spending the summer at Mamaroneck, will be tried before Justice Boyd of that place next Tuesday on a charge of firing a gun on Sunday, in violation of the penal code. The charge was made by Game Warden John Civills. According to Mr. Block, the circumstances leading up to his ar-

Last Sunday afternoon Mr. Block, accompa nied by his wife and three children, went for a stroll through the woods. On a previous tramp a large snake frightened Mrs. Block and ner husband had to kill it with a stick. This time he took his gun with him so that he could shoot anything that should happen to show itself and frighten his wife and children, Mr. and Mrs. frighten his wife and children. Mr. and Mrs. Block wandered through the woods all the afternoon and when the sun went down started for home. It grew dark early and Mr. Block lost his way in the woods. Hecoming alarmed, he told his wife and children to remain where they were and he would proceed and find a path leading to the road. When he found the path, he told them, he would fire his gun three times, so that they could locate him from the sound and follow in that direction. Block, after tramping a half hour through the thick clumps of bushes and trees, found the road. He placed a cartridge in his gun and fired. A second shot followed by a third warned his wife that he had found the road. Just as he had fired the third shot Game Warden Clvills appeared on the scene and placed him under arrest.

When Mrs. Block and her children worked.

rest.

When Mrs. Block and her children worked their way out of the woods they found Mr. Block in an altercation with the Game Warden. Block was indignant when he was accused of shooting game out of season. He was taken before Justice Boyd, where he demanded a jury trial. The question for the Justice and jury to decide on Tuesday night will be whether it is a misdemeanor to shoot a gun on Sunday. Mr. Block and his friends denounce the arrest as an outrage.

Total Receipts Last Year 865,282,364-Ex tension of Free Delivery to 24 Cities, WASHINGTON, Oct. 8 .- First Assistant Post master-General Frank H. Jones, in his annual report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, says that the number of Presidential Post Offices 3,651. The salaries of the Postmasters aggre gated \$6,203,000, and the total gross receipts

rom these offices were \$65,282,364. Mr. Jones recommends that \$17,000,000 be appropriated to compensate Postmasters for the ext fiscal year. He asks only \$11,000,000 for lerk hire, a considerable decrease in proportion to the increase of clerks to be employed. He recommends that \$75,000 be appropriated for the rental and purchase of cancelling machines. He thinks \$15,000 a sufficient amount to cover advertising expenses regarding unclaimed let-

advertising expenses regarding unclaimed letters, and advocates the adoption of the bulletin beard system in this matter. He recommends that ten inspectors be assigned to look after the work in the salary and allowance branch of the service.

Free delivery service has been established at twenty-four cities during the year, and there are now only sixty-three entitled to it, but on account of the expense, the remainder could not be benefited. Experimental free delivery in towns and villages has shown a reduction in gross receipts in a majority of offices. There was a reduction in the number of dismissals of letter carriers, which evidences the high standard of discipline. It is estimated that \$13,329,500 will be required on account of free delivery service for the fiscal year 1897-98. Negotiations are now pending for an exchange of money orders with Mexico.

Mr. Jones recommends that a penalty be prescribed for the unlawful use of the frank of a member of Congress, and suggests \$300 fine in each case. He says the law was disregarded during the campaign just closed. He assa for legislation to do away with private Post Office boxes.

GERMANY'S TEXTILE INDUSTRY. .017,113 Persons Employed in It-Increase of Female Employees.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8 .- The growth of the texile industry in the German empire is shown in the result of last year's census of mechanics reported to the State Department by Consu Sawter at Glauchau. In this industry over ,000,000 persons are employed, and the inter esting fact is noted that there has been a yearly decrease of male and a corresponding increase of female employees. The exact number of emoloyees was 1,017,112, against 932,592 in 1882 Since 1883 the males decreased from 582,070 to 552,230, a change of 29,840. Their places have

paralyzed, those wasted by sickness, the dyspetic, the consumptive—and every one went away just as he came, minus the fee that he had paid.

A paralyzed woman was wheeled to the platform one day and Shrader took especial pains with her, devoting much more time to the case than usual. He blessed her handkerchief, went through his usual routine, prayed silently over her a long time, and made passes like a mesmerist. But the poor woman was wheeled away, as she had come, and said that she did not feel the least effect from Shrader's heaking powers.

During all the time that he was in Los Angeles he did not make one well authenticated cure. The best that could be said of him was that women who could not tell of any definite ailment sometimes thought that they followed the said separator while bosiness was still good was evidently due to the uncomplimentary attention given him by the newspapers.

HERMAN HOOPS DIES OF A WOUND. A Wealthy Brooklyn Man Accidentally

NORTH ANSON, Me., Nov. 8.-Herman Hoops of 127 Kent avenue, Brooklyn, was socidentally shot yesterday while riding in a buckboard near Joe Vile's camp on Dead River twelve miles from Sam Parson's.

Dr. Ewing of this place was summoned, and arrived at Lege House about the same time as the wounded man, who had been injured is the arm. The arm was immediately amputated. Owing to the loss of blood Mr. Hoops died about two hours after the operation. He had rested his arm on the muzzic of the gun and acci-dentally it went off.

Herman Hoops was a wealthy provision dealer, 48 years old. With Frank West, Capt, Dolan, Charles Miller, and twenty-two other wealthy men of Williamsburgh, he went to the woods of Maine on last Wednesday for the fall shooting. The men have a log solin in the woods and they call it "Camp Brooklyn." Mr. Hoops spent the summer abroad, and he had only been back from Europe a short time when he started for Maine. Mrs. Hoops, who, with two children, survive him, said last night she did not believe that her husband was dead, as she had heard nothing about the alleged accident.

ROW OVER A JERSEY HORSE TRADE.

Hildebrant Didn't Make Good and Was Arrested-Now He Charges Conspiracy. RAMSEYS, N. J., Nov. 7 .- Constable Charles J. Brady and James Stroud of this place have got into a difficulty over a horse trade which promises to give them serious trouble. A short time since Stroud and James Hildebrant traded horses, the latter receiving the promise of \$17,25 cash consideration to balance the value of the horses. As Hildebrant failed to make good the payment at the appointed time, Strond swore out a warrant against him before Justice de Baun on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. It indebrant alleges that the constable served the warrant and then told him that he would be released upon giving security in the amount of the claim.

This was done, and then Hildebrant went to Park Ridge and secured warrants for the officer and Stroud, charging them with conspiracy against him. Justice Smith, who issued the warrants, placed both men under bonds to await the action of the Grand Jury. At the last term of court the constable and three persons whom he had called to assist him were mulcted in damages for arresting a citizen without legal process. good the payment at the appointed time.

process. Judge Ketth for the Court of Claims, WASHINGTON, Nov. 8 .- A new probability for the vacant place on the bench of the Court of Claims is reported in a special from Richmond, in the person of Judge Keith, President of the Virginia Supreme Court. The Judge is regarded as one of the ablest jurists in the South, and it is said that President Cleveland has said that if the appointment goes to Virginia he will be the man selected. Judge Keith boiled the Chleago platform and nominee.

Affred Masters and \$300 Missing. The Brooklyn police sent out a general alarm last night for Alfred Masters, 42 years old, who has been missing from his boarding house, fishing avenue and Ninty-second street, since Friday last. When he went away he carried a tan satchel bearing the initials "A. M." In this satchel was \$200, which he said he was going to deposit in the bank. He is described as being 5 feet 5 inches in height, weighing 140 pounds, of dark complexion and hair, and smooth face.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

IT SUCCEEDED UNTIL HE MET TWO DETECTIVES.

e Bropped Two Stories Through Fire Escape Openings When the Family for Which He Collected Money Was Proved to Be Mythienl-Fought When Caught. David Collins, a Harlem tailor, living at 1789 First avenue, set out one day last week to devise some scheme by which he could get money without working for it, After some hours of earnest thought he wrote these words at the top of a long slip of paper: "Mr. Blake died after two months of sick.

Please help his wife and three children." "Mr. Blake" was a myth, and the wife and three children were creatures of the brain of Mr. Collins, but he was to be the only one to know that, and he started out on Friday to put als scheme, which tickled him immensely, into immediate operation. He laid out a system and, taking the streets on the upper east side to work in, he began an active house-to-house canvass for subscriptions to, as he feelingly described it, "put food in the mouths of four starring people," With most of the families to which he applied every member had to work in order to keep the wolf at the other side of the when Mr. Collins had described the sufferings of Mrs. Blake and her three small children he usually succeeded in getting semething from

Collins acted his part well. His small stature was in his favor, and by bending his body forward, walking with slow and uncertain steps keeping his eyes turned toward the ground and his lower jaw as near his chest as he could, he managed to appear as the embodiment of grief. With tear ducts that always responded coptously to a demand on them, and a rich imagination, he went from house to house, apparently the angel of mercy that was trying to make life's hard places easier for an unfortunate family. His story ran like this:

"Yes, yes, it was sad. Very sad. [Sniff.] Poor Blake. He always was a hard worker. Yes. Sad. [Sniff, sniff, and tears.] too. Nothing mean about him, I knew him well. He was the best friend I had and me his [Two sobs and more tears.] Wife is a good roman, too. Not a cent in the world, either. Blake was sick for two months, and the doctor's bills and the medicine all cost money. I did what I could, but I'm a poor man, and I haven't anything more. [Prolonged sniff, tears, and sobs.] I hate to do this, but some one must do something for those babies. Beautiful children they are, and smart, but they're hungry. Excuse my tears. I can't help it. Such a man! Such a woman! Such children! [More tears.] Pardon me. I'm just trying to get something for food for them.

children! [More tears.] Pardon me, I'm just trying to get something for food for them. Can't you give a little? I know you didn't know Blake, but I did. Quiet man, Blake was, and mighty few people 'round here knew him. Just a little something, you know, for his widow. She hates to take it, but they're starving. Yes, actually starving. It makes my heart bleed, [Unsuccessful attempt by Mr. Collins to control his emotion, and final departure with a contribution from his victim.]

The great success attendant on this simple plan gratified Mr. Collins, although he found it rather hard on his eyes to cry to order. He congratulated himself on it, though, for it was better than working, and he, as the collector of funds for "poor Mrs. Blake," secured an importance that he had never before dreamed of, Friday's collections amounted to about \$3.50, and Saturday started in as well. More than twenty people contributed, most of them money that they sorely needed themselves. Some gave ad lime, and some much more, and there were only a few who were not affected by the appearance of Collins and the touching tale he told. Tactfolly sizing up the person he was addressing, the imposter would alter his yarn so as to make it appeal more strongly to each, and his mythical friend Blake accumulated a fine assortment of oblitury notices in a very short time.

Saturday afternoon Collins decided to go to

sortment of obituary notices in a very short time.

Saurday afternoon Collins decided to go to the houses in East Seventy-sixth street for contributions. He walked from house to house, telling his tale of sorrow. Two men stood near Third avenue, and when they saw him they became deeply interested in his actions. For some time they watched him in a friendly tone.

"What're you selling?" he asked.

"Me?" asked Collina. "I'm not selling anything. I am on an errand of mercy. Yes, an errand of mercy. Look at this," and he drew out the subscription list. "Blake is dead," he continued. "Did you know him?"

No, they did not know him. Then Mr. Collins told them about Blake and the widow with three starving children. He unwound his story gilbly and seemed to make a deep impression on his auditors. "Terrible case" said one of them. "I'va a

"Terrible case," said one of them. "I've a mind to go up there. Where did you say he lived?" lived?"

Collins hadn't said, but he saw that these men were not to be trided with and he told them that Blake had lived at 317 East Seventy-fourth street.

"We'll go up now," said one of the men, and

"We'll go up and one got on each side of Collins.
one got on each side of Collins.
us and show us the place. We'll fix that trouble up now, and see to it that there isn't any starving in this precinct."

Collins had good reasons for not wishing to accompany them, and his desire to get away from them became greater when the word "precinct" feil on his ears, for he recognized as policemen in plain clothes. He accompany them, and his desire to get away from them became greater when the word "precinct" fell on his ears, for he recognized them then as policemen in plain clothes. He had to carry his bluff through, so he set out out with the policemen to find "poor flake's family." They reached the third floor of the house at the number he had given, and learned in a few minutes that no such family as he described had ever lived in the house. As soon as the detectives, who were Herlihy and Keating of the East Sixty-seventh street station, had ascertained this Collins made a rush for the roof. Keating ran after him up the stairs and Herlihy junped out on the fire escape to cut off that arenue of escape. Collins kept on to the fifth floor. He jumped out on the fire escape is minuted by the opening in the fire escape landing, and straight through the corresponding opening in the landing below to the third floor. There Herlihy was waiting for him, and the two began to fight. Collins developed an unexpected strength, and was more than holding his own when Keating arrived, and the two detectives placed him under arrest.

Once overpowered, Collins promised to go quiety to the station house, if he was not handcuffed, and he climbed on a Third avenue cable car with his captors. He sat still until the car reached Sixty-seventh street, on which the station house stands only a few doors from Third avenue. The three men prepared to get off, and Collins, taking advantage of the slight confusion, jumped first, doubled toward the East fiver, and ran down Sixty-seventh at reet. Two very angry and disgusted detectives put after him, and they overtook him at Second avenue and Sixty-fourth street, after a run of practically a third of a nile. Then Collins fought again, rolling over on the roadway, kicking, bliting, and hammering the policemen who were trying to secure him. It was only after a long struggle, in which Collins showed strength and sand, that he was overpowered and taken to the station house.

o the station house. Yesterday morning Collins was arraigned be-

fore Magistrate Cornell in the Yorkville Police Court. He was held in \$500 ball on the charge of obtaining money on false pretences. WIRE SCREENS NO LONGER AVAIL.

Baines Law Hotels in Brooklyn Have to Put Up Wooden Partitions. There was a halt vesterday in the development of the Raines Lotel saloons in Brooklyn, and the agents of the Temperance League, who were out making observations, said that for the first time in three months some disposition was manifested to observe the stringent features of manifested to observe the stringent features of the law. On Saturday Police Superintendent McKelver sent notices to every saloon keeper in the city that the wire fences which had been put up as a shield to the bars would have to go, and until midnight carpenters were busy all over the city putting up wooden partitions. Although a lively business was done as usual in the so-called hotels, it was conducted more quietly than hitherto and santwiches were more of the city of the control of the control of the understood that many complaints will be made by the police to District Attorney Backus to-day. by the police to District Attorney Backus to-day

Bogged in Front of Vanderbilt's.

Three shabby, rough-looking men, strong and healthy, spent several hours loitering about the main entrance to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's house at Fifth avenue and Fifty-eighth street yesterday morning. They accosted all who passed them, asking for alms in a threatening passed them, asking for alms in a threatening way. They managed to get some money. At 914 o'clock Policeman Dwyer, who had been detailed by Capt. Stainkamp of the East Flity-first street station to attend to the beggars in the precinct, saw them and arrested them. They made no resistance.

At court they said they were John Kenny. Frank Sullivan, and "John Doe." The man giving the name of "Doe" was more intelligent, than the others. He refused to give his real name, saying that he was an honest laboring man, willing and anxious to work. They were committed to the workhouse by Magistrate Corneil in the Yorkville Police Court.

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DAMROSCH'S SUNDAY CONCERT. A Crowded House at Carnegte Music Hall Last Evening.

Mr. Damrosch's popular 50-cent concerts seen to have found favor with the public, for a crowded house was seen at Carnegie Hall last evening. To listen to good music is indeed a sensible and agreeable and pious way to spend Sunday evening, and from the refreshment given by such an entertainment one must surely be atrengthened and prepared for the labor of a coming week.

Mr. Damrosch intersperses his orchestral numbers with many solo numbers. Last night four artists were with him, two making their first appearance. The newcomers were Jan van Oordt, violinist, and a boy of 12 years, Harry Graboff, planist. The other two soloists were Mme. Coriani, who sang an aria from "Les Pêcheurs des Perles," by Bizet, and Miss Julie Wyman, whose style is well known to the pub-lic. She gave a song by Edgar Kelly entitled

Wyman, whose style is well known to the public. She gave a song by Edgar Kelly entitled "Israfael." Israfael."
Attention is particularly called to Herr van Oordt, who is undoubtedly an artist of much merit and very sincere. His playing is especially noticeable for its crystal clear tone and poetic feeling. His technique is admirable, his octaves sure, and all execution most facile, but tenderness and sweetness predominate over force in everything that he does. The voice of his violin, a Stradivarius formerly belonging to the famous Paganini, is exquisite, of a lofty tone, and wonderful for its purity and evenness.

Herr van Oordt is of Dutch descent, though born in India. He graduated from the Conservatory of The Hague with highest honors, and afterward studied for several years with César Thomson.

Thomson.

The little pianist is a pupil of Mr. Alexander Thomson.

The little pianist is a pupil of Mr. Alexander Lambert, who predicts a brilliant future for the lad. He did certainly play with extraordinary celerity and exactness, making it evident that the most careful, intelligent, and energetic teaching had trained him to the present point of excellence. He delighted the audience, which gave him generous applause, and he was recalted again and again. His bright, frank face and straightforward manner give quite as much hope for his future as his good piano playing does.

Mr. Damrosch gave a great variety of pieces from many composers—Wagner, Bizet, Goldmark, Arditi, Moszkowski, and Beetnoven.

THE CHERRY SISTERS IMPEND.

To Play in the Metropolis Without the Consent of Any Other Nation on Earth, The Cherry sisters, accounts of whose stage performances in the West have appeared from time to time in THE SUN, will open for a long engagement-that is, as long as the audience will stand-at Hammerstein's Olympia on Nov.

16, without the consent of any other nation on earth. The Cherries are probably the most remarkable women-it would be a stretch of imagination to call them girls-that ever appeared behind the footlights in this or any other country, and their entertainments have always | ing the residence of his employer. Foster ran resulted in strange demonstrations among the | toward the Sicher house and fired his revolver spectators. They dim the glories of James in the air. McCloskey heard the shot and ap-

The eggs never came so fast that O'Conner could not dodge them, but the Cherries play behind a wire screen.

The sisters were born on a farm near Cedar Rapids, Ia., many, many years ago. When their father and mother died their brother ran away and, being alone in the world, the five women determined to go on the stage. At their first appearance they wore knitted yarn stock-ings and carpet elippers. Their programme is a long one, and they have never yet succeeded in getting through with it. Once a gallery god hurled a wash boiler at them, and once the manager of the theatre turned the hose on them, but their love for the stage was not chilled. The Cherries have forwarded hither in advance an oil painting of themselves that beggardean oil painting of themselves that beggars de-

MISSING MAN FOUND DROWNED. Reddy's Watch and Money Missing from

the Body. The drowned man found in the Atlantic Dock basin in Brooklyn on Saturday was identified yesterday at the Morgue by Longshoreman Michael Reddy of 121 Third place as his son Thomas P. Reddy, aged op years, who mysteriously disappeared on the night of Oct. 17. Reddy was unmarried and lived with his aged father. He had long been employed in the packing department in the dry goods store of Liebmann liros, and was a man of sober and steady habits.

He had been at work as usual on Oct, 17 and started for home about 8 o'clock, but never reached it. No trace of him was discovered until his body was picked up in the Atlantic Dock hasin. He always carried a gold watch and some money, but when his ciothes were searched at the Morgue the watch could not be found, and there was not a cent in his pockets. There were no marks of violence on the body.

Bryanite Leader Arrested for an Old

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 8 .- A dying negro in Metcalfe county last week confessed to being one of a mob that committed a murder seven years ago. The leader of the mob, he said, was Theodore McIntyre, a young Populist politician, who had moved to Hardyville, Hart county, and had settled on a farm. McIntyre took a very active part in the recent campaign for Bryan. He is the nephew of Silas Payton, one of the best-known Populists of the State. Ho was promptly arresied, taken to Edmonton, and held to answer for murder.

Pounded with a Lighted Lamp, Frank McGee and Edward Cliff of New Brighton, Staten Island, were members of a mixed ale party at Cliff's residence, on Jersey street, late Saturday night. The two became inwolved in a quarrel, and McGee picked up a lighted lamp and pounded Cliff over the head with it. Cliff was severely cut, the oil was spilled over him and became ignited, and he was saved only by the prompt action of some of the more soler of the party. The fire in the room was extinguished with slight damage, but Cliff's clothing was destroyed. McGee was locked up on a charge of assault in the second degree.

Blew a Safe and Got \$12.

Edward A. Dugan's feed store at 488 Grand street, Jersey City, was entered by burglars ome time Saturday night and the safe was blown open. The job was evidently done by experts. A hole was drilled in the safe near the combination lock and was filled with powder. This was set off with a fuse. The noise of the explosion must have been thoroughly muffled, as a man who sleeps up stairs did not hear it. He discovered the burglary when he went down stairs in the morning. The burglars got only \$12.

Mrs. Paget's Little Baughter Bend. Flore Payne, the daughter born on Friday to Mr. and Mrs. Almeric Rugh Paget, died on Sat-urday. The mother is doing well.

CONVERT JEWS BAPTIZED. MEN KISS THE HEM OF DR. JOHN

HALL'S COAT.

After the Meeting in Warszawiak's Mission Pronelytizers and Hebrow Benizens of the Neighborhood Get Into a Brawl on the Street-A Cry of "Pelice!" Stope 15. The religious feature of the regular Sunday night service at Herman Warszawiak's American Mission to the Jews, 424 Grand street, last night, was the administration of the sacrament of baptism to ten converted Hebrews by the Rev. Dr. John Hall, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Refore the sacrament was administered Dr. Hall made a short address, in the course of which he said that true Christians had nothing but love for the Jewish race. They did not countenance the

persecutions, ancient and modern, to which the

"But," he said, "in the persecutions to which

your race has been subjected doubting Chris-

ews had been subjected.

tians and steady Christians, as well, find the strongest proof of the truth of the Scriptures. The prophets of the Old Testament, all of them Jews, prophesied the fall of Jerusalem and the scattering of the Jews among all the peoples of the earth. But these prophets also foretold the coming of the Messiah. If they were right in one prophesy why were they not right in all ?" Then the converts ranged themselves in front of the platform to be baptized. The adults were Benjamin Gordon, Joseph Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Kitzler, Miss Berths Kitzler, and Dr. Adolph Fein. Whenever a Hebrew becomes converted and is baptized, he wishes to add a new name to that which he already bears. Benjamin Gordon wished to be baptised Ben jamin Mark Gordon, Joseph Gordon wanted Paul added to the Joseph. Dr. Fein took the middle name Anton. Adolph Kitzler was baptized Adolph Saul Kitzler, while his wife Esther received the sacrament as Estner Mary Kitsler.

Four children were baptized also. When the meeting closed and Dr. Hall was leaving the mission, the people crowded around, crying: "He said beloved us! He said beloved us!" Those who could shook his nand and those who couldn't pent over and kissed the hem of

his coat.

It seems that there has been organized among the mission converts a branch of the Messianic Association of the United States. The object of this association is to make as many converts to the Christian religion as possible. It is a secret organization, and its members endeavor to make converts anywhere and everywhere—on the street corners, in the shops, among the Jewish rades union. No information about the association, as to numbers and the individuals composing it, can be obtained. trades union. No information about the association, as to numbers and the individuals composing it, can be obtained.

East side Hebrews know of this association, and they don't like anything connected with it. They look upon its members as traitors to the Hebrew faith. When last night's meeting was over a number of unconverted Hebrews in front of the mission made uncompilmentary remarks. The converts stopped to argue the question. A crowd assembled, which moved slowly around into Attorney street, The argument grew warmer. Finally, half a block from the mission, the crowd halted. An aged, bewhiskered patriarch was talking in a loud voice to a younger man, who held up the Christian end of the argument, sometimes in Hebrew and sometimes in English. The old man said sometimes in English. The old man said sometimes in Singlesh. To you're a dog, but I forgive you, for you know not what you are. I tell you—"

But he didn't. Hefore the young man could say more a cabbage head, very far gone, landed on the point of his right jaw and knocked him completely off his feet. Then there was a general mix-up. The Hebrew women were not backward in the scrimmage. They pulled hair and scratched faces.

Some one shouted "Police!" In a twinkling the crowd had separated. Three or four policemen from the Delancey street station came up on the run, but all they actually saw was a peaceful group of Hebrews about the entrance to the mission. Foremost among this crowd was the patriarch who began the discussion, and who was now smoking a very black pipe, and the young convert, who stood only a few feet from him.

CAPTURED BY TWO GARDENBES. McCloskey Had Broken into the Residence

Youkers, Nov. 8 .- At the point of a revolver Fred Foster, a gardener, compelled James M. McCloskey, an alleged burglar, to surrender at o'clock this morning. At the time of the capture McCloskey was in the house of David Sicher, a brother-in-law of the Bloomingdales, the New York dry goods merchants, at 1048 North Broadway. Foster is in the employ of Mr. Sicher, and his house is connected with the Sicher residence by burglar alarms. The alarms failed to work last night and Foster became aware of the presence of an intruder through

the barking of a watchdog.

The gardener armed himself, calling to his assistance Ambrose Atwell, a gardener in the employ of L. G. Bloomingdale, who a few weeks ago captured two burglars who were ransackpeared with blanched face at a second-st window. Foster called out to him, saying that he would shoot him if he moved. McCloskey had a revolver, but it was in a leather bag used for carrying away booty. McCloskey remained motionless at the window while Atwell, revolver in hand, entered the house and secured and bound him with straps. McCloskey was marched down stairs and fastened to a post, the gardeners standing guard over him until Detectives George Cooley and William Carroll ar-

gardeners standing guard over him until Detectives George Cooley and William Carroll arrived.

McCloskey hobbied to the police headquarters on crutches. When searched a dagger, a pecketbook filled with money, and several gold and silver watches were found in his pockets. The bag left behind contained valuables of all sorts, some of which apparently had been stolen before McCloskey began operations in this city. McCloskey is 29 years of age. He refused to give his place of residence. He said he broke his leg on alighting from a train at New London, Conn., last June. Cast. Mangin called in Police Surgeon Benedict, who examined the alleged broken leg and said it had never been fractured, and that nothing was wrong with it. The Sicher residence is vacant at present Mr. Sicher having recently gone to New York city for the winter months. Adjoining the Sicher house are the extensive grounds of James B. Bloomingdale and L. G. Bloomingdale. The residence of the former had been entered, several windows and a door having been pried open. McCloskey is suspected by the police of being the person who broke into these premises, An attempt had also been made to break into the home of L. G. Bloomingdale by forcing windows and doors.

McCloskey made his appearance in Yonkers resterday, and was noticed by Capt, Mangin on South Broadway. The man's manner of walking with the crutches stracted the Captain's notice, and he called the attention of one of his detectives to the man. The police regard the arrest as an important one. Many of the North Broadway residences are closed at this time of the year, and it is a locality often selected for

the year, and it is a locality often selected for burglaries. TO MAKE US ALL CANAL DIGGERS. Aaron Wilkes Still Pegging Away at His Interocean Caust Scheme,

Aaron Wilkes of the Machinista Union of Jersey City, who a week or two ago indused the Central Labor Union to endorse a scheme for a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, went to the meeting yesterday to talk about his plan. He arrived just as the meeting closed, but he secured a certificate from the Secretary stating that his plan had been endorsed. With this for a starter, he will now try to get the General Assembly Anights of Labor, which meets to-day at Rochester, and the Convention of the Ameri-Rochester, and the Convention of the American Federation of Labor, which begins in Cincinnati on Dec. 14, to endorse the idea.

Wilkes says that the canal idea of furnishing work for all the anemployed in this country originated with all old schoolmaster named J. R. Encke, who lives in Trenton. He spirit thirty years thinking it out. Encke's idea, Wilkes says, is to get the Government to take the matter up after obtaining the endorsecat of as many labor unions as rossible. The canal is to start from Sandy Hook, thence via Camden to Chesapeake City, and thence transcontinental parallel with the railroad lines to the Pacific coast. It is to have a maximum and minimum width of 330 and 700 feet respectively, a maximum depth of 50 feet, with the walls 35 feet thick. There are to be double locks.

Mr. Wilkes didn't furnish any estimates of the cost of the canal.

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